

Following the blood war for Croatian Independence, led from 1990 to 1996, all sorts of driplets and squeeze bags entered the state politics creating stiff bureaucratic regime, full of mediocrities with public administration degrees, chronically nepotistic and severely corrupted regardless of the current conviction, which uses eugenical methods to cleanse its own ranks. False criminal charges and executions are used against those unrelated. Theft is conducted on both collective and individual level. Media is under tight political grip or right-sided, supervised by actual government and corrected on fundamental level by selective educational approach which allows only mentally obeying students to enroll and finish the faculty. There is no censorship because nothing is to be censored: press is mild and porose - it bends with the current. Employment is mostly family, cousin, religion or homeland stimulated. Personal skills and abilities are not important. I was constantly assigned to the low level jobs. Not even after three years in a row, my legally obtained professional work progress was not respected. I am eligible to copy and sort papers.

Government officials sold Croatian gold to the last bit. Gold that belonged to all adult citizens equally. I had twenty plus years when gold was sold back in 2001. - 2005. which makes me eligible to participate but no one included me into an equation. I hold Republic of Croatia responsible to pay me 15.5t (Basel 13,1 and Beograd 2.4) divided by 3,384,220 adult citizens according to the 2001. census:

$$15.5t = 15\,500\text{ kg} = 15\,500\,000\text{ g} / 3\,384\,220 = 4.58\text{ g per adult citizen}$$

At 03/06/2023 price of gold is 62.64 \$ per 1 g.

Republic of Croatia owes me 287 \$, roughly, on the basis of ex-Yugoslavia gold succession.

Next collective theft was done in privatisation of the national telecommunications network and afterwards. The company was sold cheap and further dividend belonging to the small shareholders was perpetually

critically reduced with money re-directed to the company headquarters in Germany, via Holland linked firms, and used to buy shares in the name of the company itself. Number of shares was increased disturbing the bookkeeping balance. This artificial way maliciously made large shareholders more influential and decreased small shareholders asset value. I am personally damaged for several hundreds of Euros.

Besides this two collective theft, Republic of Croatia has detained, confiscated approximately 1.300 of my Euros when Municipal State Attorney's Office and court declared my money, my own private property to be transferred to the treasury account. Subsequently, certain state bureaucrate came to me having toothpick in his mouth saying they (state officials) had a good, roasted lamb meal for my cash.

Republic of Croatia didn't return most of the Jewish possessions taken by the former Independent State of Croatia (NDH) during 1941-1945 and Socialist Republic of Croatia (SRH) during 1946-1990.

Catholic clergy, in the other hand, enjoys unprecedented privileges. Their assets, particularly of former Jewish legal ownership, were either retrieved or financially compensated. Moreover, priests constantly intrude in the public, secular domain concerning internal affairs and health.

I traveled half of the civilised World but never witnessed such a chauvinistic and psychopathological human behaviour like in Croatia. Unknown people approach me in the street commanding me to obey them. Once a little girl, five years or so, accompanied by her parents, said to her little brother "would you love to see the God?". He answered positively. She said "in order to see the God first we must reveal the curtains". She took him around the corner, out of my eyesight, returning after few minutes back in the cash register's line. The boy was mesmerized. Girl whispered "after I removed my panties he saw the God".

People follow me routinely. They observe my itinerary.

They took everything from me. They deprived me of a healthy, social contact accusing me of being illiterate, filthy maniac and filling false, malevolent criminal charges.

Croatian bureaucrats say to me that I can only serve the masters (them). Mine is to work, produce and breed. They decide about my fate.

After I got unemployed, having 23 years of working experience, the state didn't help me a cent. They left me forgotten.

Monster is created. Bureaucratic monster having more administration than air molecules. What is a good office clerk? Good office clerk is anxious, disorganized, yelling, nervous, smoking, drinking.

Croats are intellectually lazy. They embraced religion in order to skip the God contemplation by themselves, declared bureaucracy to be infallible, Pope-like, and tumble the organisation issues to the lower hierarchy relieving the higher segments therefore free to indulge in a decadence.

Meaningless conversations are Croats favourite thing. They can argue indefinitely without making any notable progress.

I was charged for having a madman laugh. I was sentenced for an insane smiling. My life vigour displeased them. Their revenge was perpetual cross-torture, a mental inquisition performed by master sadists. "A hammer for your thoughts" they said daily brainwashing my mind with an intellectual concrete vomited in such an extent that compared with mastodont's droppings the later seems like an ants poop.

After twenty three years of a full commitment to the state service, waiting for

my triple strong, "tre anno repetitio", legally obtained right to advance be executed, one day I was called by an ethics supervisor, high ranking bureaucrat, appointed moral representative, infallible transcended being, typical employers bully to receive his final verdict. Final verdict? I haven't even heard the accusations yet. And made by who? And why? What about my defense? Nothing? Brimstone and fire immediately, administrative behemoth answered, that is guaranteed. You can complain but invain, little man! Actually I see you not because I am bureaucrat tall as a highest mountain, steel cleaver sharp focused, in zone always, supreme specie, spiritually ascended, an ultimate evolutional product having no match... Not even among Gods! I confess, humbly I admit my perfection. Proof? If I hold two papers with my hands, one in each, I become immortal. Look, I can wave with my eyebrows. Under it... Lids, lids. Open/close. Tongue licking mouth, flames of passion, desire for cruelty. Anything just to pass the time until the shift is over. Friendly suggestion: let's skip the paperwork and receive the due penalty, by the grace of my almighty pen, directly into the core of your neural structure - and overall agony will end much sooner. There is no point of rational observation and justifiable critique whereelse the logical conclusion. Commision in a second degree automatically confirms my findings because we are all state bureaucrats one single government entity representing our mutual nurturing breastfeed, scrutiny demised monster, utmost uniformly, per se. You have no chance against the turbulence. The bureaucratic rotors are spinning too fast to go through unsliced by the countless articles, subarticles and the revisions of an interpretations. Entire human history is the temporal loop of an administrative origin. Like a soft banana sucked in a giant hairdryer over and over again. Slice, slice, the law slices an individual into a thousand pieces, mercilessly defragments those of weaker, unworthy insight. Other... People, disgust me. My office is the mint of reason, don't mind the corpse sitting on the cold staircase. It is the party waiting to be admitted from the dawn of the civilization. I decide who, when, where and how. But I haven't decided yet in that specific case. Why? Because the bureaucrat operates with a surgical precision. My unique expertise in the public management requires time, an opportunity for a thorough analysis, detailed preparation and the finest performance imaginable. An administrative mind is swift as a ballet dancer, perceptive as an eagle stalking the prey, clicking relentlessly despite all cognitive catastrophes surrounding us in every field and every branch of the human endeavour except legislative dominion. Indeed, is there a greater advantage than sailing through the ocean of totally unnecessary forms? Swim, swim, mortal, fight for your life before you drown! I love seeing how people struggle

to survive, pressured under tones of a cellulose. I am the predator
bureaugator and the state is stronger with each new paragraph endorsed!
Hesitation is weakness in the eyes of the true polimorphs. Remember, every
building is made solely by the regulations not architectual ideas, engineer's
plan or bricks and sweat of the worker! It is we bureaucrats who set the
rules, build the world, shine the light. How was the Universe created? Surely,
there was a primordial administrative who devised a cosmic code in order for
the Big Bang to happen next.

mogu, žele, smiju, zaslužuju

bureaucracy is an invention of the mediocrities making them look smarter,
giving them control hidden beyond numerous edicts citing paragraphs

marking commas

you are no one, useless, replaceable, you will die alone, disposable inventory

your role in society is to serve, obey, breed and offspring

they two, president of the local court and staff manager stood beside me,
squeezing words of English, like an orange juice, during talk with foreign
delegacy. I offered my translation service but was immediately denied. It is
not your job. You are assigned to a low level tasks. Be quit and let the
president speak. Listen to his fluid English, right everyone? And everyone
clapped in delirium.

In Croatian state service knowledge is supressed, ignorance bolstered. Do I
see a paralel with the society in general?

Mediocre bureaucrat moves his hands 10 times per day while tongue 100 times per second.

If you are not anxious, nervous, boiling of stress, overwhelmed with work but systematical, accurate, professional and responsive than you are proclaimed as lazy. Perception is everything. Not the result. Bureaucrats consider a 1000 weak better than a 100 strong. When their mistakes start returning back they start to argue. Quantity is important, not the quality.